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SPECIALS

Read These Specials

Some new messaline silk petticoats,
all colors with fringe
Special \$3.50 each

Ladies gingham wash petticoats
Special 50c each

Ladies Silk and Linen hose, all colors
Special 50c a pair

Nainsook and Long Cloth for your
Summer Underwear
Special Val. 15 and 17½c yd

Zion City Lace to trim your summer
underwear
5c and 7c yd

Cotton Voil Dress Goods, new nobby
goods for summer dresses
Special Val. 15c to 25c yd

Flaxons in plain, dainty stripe and
figured
15c to 35c quality

Wool Dress Goods, 52 in. wide, the
correct material for your new suit.
\$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 a yd

Our Grocery Specials

Try a pound of Magnolia Coffee at
35c. It is equal to any 40c Coffee
in town.

Try a sack of Pure White flour, the
best flour made. **\$1.40 a sack**

3 cans of Tomatoes 25c

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Our stock is always Fresh and Clean

Get the habit of buying right
by trading at Baird's

CASH PAID FOR EGGS

E. C. BAIRD

JUDGE HARLAN'S FOOT.

The Part It Played in Saving a Friend
From Capture as a Spy.

At the outbreak of the war between the states, while Basil W. Duke and some companions were busy recruiting cavalymen for the Confederate army, word suddenly came that 4,000 Federals were close by. "This report," says General Duke in his "Reminiscences," "awakened in all of us a great impatience to leave so dangerous a neighborhood." While Duke and a friend were doing their best to make their escape an incident occurred in which the late Justice Harlan played a silent but determining part.

"We decided to walk along the railroad track until we reached some point where we could catch a train. I knew there were men from central Kentucky among the troops bivouacked on both sides of the road and that there would probably be some among them who knew me. So I cautioned Kennett not to call me by name. We got almost to Elizabethtown safely. We were not even halted. I thought the danger was already over.

"But just as we drew near a tunnel two miles north of Elizabethtown a handcar carrying several Federal officers overtook us. We stepped aside to let it pass, and I pulled my hat brim over my face. But as the car came alongside I forgot my caution, looked up and realized that I was face to face with some men who knew me very well. Among them were Colonel George Jouett and Colonel (afterward General) John M. Harlan, subsequently a distinguished justice of the supreme court.

"I was immediately recognized and called upon to surrender. I tried to seem astonished and to look as if it were a case of mistaken identity, but I felt that there was no hope for me.

"Then, greatly to my surprise and relief, the car, instead of stopping, rolled on into the tunnel. When I saw that I hurriedly bade Kennett goodbye, sprang up the side of the cut and made off at full speed through a field of standing corn. By the time the handcar had returned to the spot I had so rapidly left I was beyond reach of pursuit.

"It was not until after the close of the war that I learned how my escape had been made possible. On relating the incident to a friend in Lexington I noticed that he showed not only interest, but amusement.

When I finished he told me that he had heard that story before.

"John Harlan told it to me," he said. "It is to him that you owe your good fortune in getting off."

"It seems that Harlan when he recognized me thought that I was trying to make my way to Lexington to see my wife, and he realized that if captured I might be tried and punished as a spy.

"In ordinary circumstances he would have taken me without hesitation, but he was unwilling that I should be put to death for an offense of which he believed me innocent. So he quietly put his foot under the brake, and all the efforts of his companions failed to stop the car."

Not a Bluff.

"You're not going to punish me, are you, father?" inquired a youth in circumstances that threatened to be trying.

"Of course I am," was the grim encouragement he received. "Didn't I tell you this morning that I'd settle with you for being so rude at the breakfast table?"

"Yes, father," came the whimpering reply, "but—but I thought it was just a bluff like when you say you'll settle the grocer's bill every Saturday night!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Wheat Goes Down.

De Broker—Hear about De Curbh?

De Ledger—No. What's happened to him?

"Knocked flat."

"You don't say? Was he caught by the drop in wheat?"

"Well, yes; something like that. A barrel of flour fell on him."—New York Weekly.

Two Points of View.

"I think," said an exasperated old deacon as he slowly elevated himself from the pavement to a perpendicular, "the full grown man who throws an orange peel on the sidewalk is no Christian." "Well," said a bystander, "what do you think of an orange peel that throws a full grown man on the sidewalk?"

Economical to the Last.

There was once a Scotsman who was down in the world without hope, with only threepence in his pocket. He decided on suicide and, entering a chemist's shop, asked for threepennyworth of arsenic. "What do you want it for?" demanded the chemist. "Twopence," said the Scotsman.

ESSENCE OF MUMMY.

Queer Medicine That Was Used Not So Long Ago in Persia.

In former times strange products were used as medicines. Among them was essence of mummy, which held a place in the pharmacopoeia even during the last century.

Two sorts of mummies were used for the production of the extract—the true and the artificial. True mummies were disinterred from the valley of the Nile and forwarded to Europe and Asia by the Arabs. Their therapeutic virtues were attributed to substances used by their embalmers. The saving or curative principles of those substances were supposed to have been preserved and held intact by the swathing bands used with secret and peculiar art to wrap the dead. Essence of mummy was recommended in cases of convulsions, as a cure for boils, in epilepsy, colds, etc.

In Persia embalming was once the rule. The shahs offered mummies, or portions of mummies, as gifts to the monarchs whose friendship they respected, and chroniclers record the fact as worthy of historical note that Louis XIV. and Catherine of Russia received, among numerous gifts of various sorts, golden chests containing mummified human members. In 1809, when Princess Charlotte of England was sick, her doctors administered "essence of mummy."

A manuscript recently found, the production of the Persian poet Nizami, gives the formula for producing the synthetic mummy. According to that prescription, the man selected was of tender flesh and fine, thin skin—a man whose chief nourishment had been fruit. At the age of thirty years his throat was cut and his body, while still warm with life, was placed in a stone urn filled, save for the space required for it, with honey and with balsamic substances. The full urn was sealed and set away to ripen. At the close of a period varying from fifty to a hundred years the body, completely mummified, was taken out and the extraction of the "essence" was made.—Harper's Weekly.

Not Untold.

At a certain reception the lion of the evening was a distinguished arctic explorer.

"Mr. —," gushed a stout woman to whom he had been introduced, "it must have been terribly lonely and monotonous away up

there, so far from civilization."

"Why, no, Mrs. Chatterby," he said. "We had all the company we wanted, and our life was full of incident—sometimes distressingly so."

"Still," she persisted, "you must have suffered untold hardships and privations."

"On the contrary, madam," rejoined the explorer, with a smile, "I have been telling them all this season to large audiences."

A Deep Sleep.

Two well known Paris dramatists were present at the Comedie Francaise at a performance of a play by one of them, who may be called A. Half way through the play A's friend B. pointed to a spectator in a box who was fast asleep. The next evening A. and B. were again at the Comedie Francaise. One of B's plays was on the bill this time, and A. saw a spectator asleep and pointed him out to his friend. "My plays are not the only sleepy ones, you see," he said. "Look over there!" "Oh, I don't know!" said B. "I'm nearly sure it's the same box, and I believe it's the same man. He hasn't managed to wake up yet, that's all!"

A Puzzle For the Expert.

A case concerning motor driving was on hand, says the Montreal Star, when the chauffeur declared that when driving at forty miles an hour he could, if necessary, pull up in ten or twelve feet.

"Um!" said the judge.

An expert was the next occupant of the box.

Said his lordship, "If a motorcar were traveling at forty miles an hour and the brakes could be put on in such a manner as to stop it within ten or twelve feet, where would the driver go?"

"Depends very much on the sort of life he'd been living," said the expert.

The Stars.

The number of stars that can be seen by a sharp eye in our hemisphere is about 3,000 or 6,000 in both hemispheres. By the telescope, of course, many thousands of stars are brought out that are invisible to the naked eye. Using an instrument little more than two inches wide there have been more than 310,000 stars duly charted in the northern half of the heavens alone. It has been estimated by very high authorities that the total number visible in the whole celestial vault would mount up to 80,000,000.—New York American.

IRISH HUNTING WOMEN.

Find Keen Enjoyment in Sport That Calls For Nerves of Steel.

Irish women are renowned for their fearless prowess in the hunting field, where the terrible obstacles to be negotiated call for nerves of steel, and it is neck or nothing in the distressful country.

The fearsome stone walls, sometimes overgrown with turf and masking a brook, appall all but the stoutest hearts, and even the most hardened sportsman is known to quail at the commencement of the hunting season, experiencing the sensation of the heart in the mouth when called upon to face the stiff going. She finds her nerve returning, however, after a day or so in the saddle.

Every Irishman is a true sportsman, and the whole neighborhood turns out for a meet, those unable to raise a mount following on foot or driving in every sort of vehicle, some rare antediluvian specimens seeing the light of day on such occasions.

The Irish colleen will dance all night at a hunt ball and turn up at a distant meet as fresh as paint without going to bed at all, full of life and spirit, with wit and repartee bubbling like a font. The wild country brings out all the daredevil Irish nature, and there is little searching for gaps and gates when the blood of Irish horse and rider is up.

Ireland is not overrepresented in the matter of hunting, and Irish packs are not by any means numerous and may be reckoned to number a couple of dozen. Some only possess quite a restricted number of couples and but few hunt four or five days a week, though an occasional by day may bring the total up. The Meath hunts five days a week and is one of the famous hunts of the United Kingdom, and the County Galway, the Blazers, has four days a week.

The famous happy go lucky hospitality that marks the Irish temperament is exemplified in matters sporting, and open house is kept by those having accommodation in a good hunting district.—London Graphic.

An Obstinate Lunatic.

Leroy M. Taylor of Washington, who devoted many years to the study of insanity, used to say that the invincible obstinacy of insanity was what interested him most in connection with the subject. He

once knew an insane chemist who insisted that he was dead. Dr. Taylor argued long and ably and finally said: "Now, you as a chemist know that if you are dead you cannot bleed. Will you let me cut you slightly by way of experiment?" The monomaniac agreed, and of course when an incision was made in his arm blood flowed instantly. "There," said Dr. Taylor; "that proves that you are not dead." "Oh, no," was the confident reply. "It merely shows that dead men can bleed."

Dry Cleaning.

An excellent way to clean delicate lace or other articles at home, where washing is prohibited for fear of fading, is to take as much gasoline as will be thought necessary and mix into it all the cornmeal it will absorb. Place the articles to be cleaned in a tight cloth bag, pour in the meal and gasoline and fasten the opening securely. Shake, rub, pat and knead the bag thoroughly. Then fold up in a paper covering or tight box and let stand overnight. In the morning brush off the meal and hang in a shaded spot until the gasoline odor is gone. This method is simple, but very effective.—National Magazine.

Damages.

A lawyer, apropos of a suit for rather exorbitant damages, said at a dinner in New York:

"We are very prone to reckon up our damages like Brownlow, who was claiming burglary insurance on a stolen umbrella."

"Now, let me see," said Brownlow to himself. "The umbrella cost originally \$8. It was recovered twice at \$3 a time—that makes \$14. I got a new stick put in it in 1904—\$2.50—that makes \$16.50. And three new ribs—\$1.25—or \$17.75 in all. I'll put in a claim for \$17.75 immediately."

When Dickens Bought Coal.

Coal was "up" in March, 1839, when Dickens was in the neighborhood of Exeter arranging for the comfort of his parents in a cottage he had provided for them. "Coals are dear just now—26 shillings a ton," he wrote to Mitton. Boy labor, however, was not, for he goes on: "They found me a boy to go two miles out and back again to order some (coals) this morning. I was debating in my mind whether I should give him 18 pence or 2 shillings when his fee was announced—twopence!"—London Chronicle.